

PUCK BUILDING, New York, December 24th, 1913.  
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



**"NOW WILL YOU BELIEVE ME?"**



Published by  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,  
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.  
395-399 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK  
No. 1921. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1913.  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

### Cartoons and Comments

**THE CLOSING OF THE COW.** THE best proof of a "new broom" policy in the management of the New Haven Railway may be found in the passing of a dividend at Christmas time. It required moral courage of a high order to do that, and a smaller man than President ELLIOTT, or one imbued with a more elastic sense of duty, might easily have followed the lines of least resistance, and deferred the passing of the dividend to some future quarter-day. That he and his directors took the opposite course should be proof of their desire to put the New Haven property back where it was. Desperate ills require more than homeopathic doses if they are to be cured, and some medicine is bitter. The decision of President ELLIOTT to put earnings back into the business will be a shock

to many, particularly to gentlemen of the high-finance school. These gentlemen have regarded a prosperous railroad as a cow that needs milking, and it will not be denied that the New Haven cow has given many, many quarts of good, rich milk to those who knew on which side of her to sit. She never kicked over the pail; the goose that laid the eggs of gold was a piker compared with her. She gave such an abundance of milk that even the stockholders got some of it, got it regularly for forty years, and "widows and orphans" would come out to the pasture and stroke the New Haven cow upon the nose, thinking of her as their own. It was a natural mistake, but now the cow is alarmingly near to dry, and suffering from insufficient fodder at a time when she needs the best of feed. Some of the people who milked

her most in the past, and absent-mindedly kept the cream, are now loudest in deploring the plight of the small stockholder, and louder still in blaming it "all on the Government," but even the cow, dumb brute though she be, knows better than that. She knows who milked her; they came around often enough to make them steady company; and doubtless, however much she might like to drop a little warm nourishment into the modest pails of the small stockholders and the widows and orphans, the New Haven cow is grateful to her new keeper, ELLIOTT, for the respite from drain that he has given her. She will give all the more and better milk in time to come. During her period of recuperation the New Haven cow could give a spicy interview on "constructive financiers" and "those who never tear down, but build up."



MERELY A HINT TO J. P. MORGAN.



## HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND.



### "Tante."

IN "Tante," Ethel Barrymore's new play at the Empire Theatre, we have that rarest of all theatrical commodities—a successful dramatization of a successful novel. Thanks to Miss Barrymore's careful interpretation of the stellar rôle, much of the atmosphere which surrounds the original character remains in the dramatic version. "Tante" is a study of the artistic temperament. Mme. Mercedes Okraska ("Tante") is a woman of artistic pursuits whose one idea in life is to "make a hit with the gallery." Everything she does she does for effect. People judge her accordingly, and when at last a really big moment in her life makes her show her real self, no one will take her seriously, believing this new phase of

her character nothing more than a fresh pose. Ethel Barrymore as *Tante* does by far the best work of her career. We can think of no other player, with the possible exception of Mrs. Fiske, who could do as much with the rôle of Mme. Okraska. Eileen Van Buren makes Karen a flesh-and-blood creature, and Charles Cherry plays Gregory Jardine convincingly. Mrs. Whiffen is, as always, equal to the occasion, and Haidee Wright, the never-to-be-forgotten "Painted Lady" of the first "Third-Floor Back" company, does well as Miss Scroton. The other rôles are in competent hands. "Tante," as played by Miss Barrymore, is an interesting study of feminine temperament. *W. E. Hill.*

### WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.



HE discriminating beggar picked out a prosperous-appearing citizen and made his touch.

"Could you spare me a quarter, sir?" he inquired. "I'm broke and down and out."

"I don't believe in indiscriminate charity, my friend," replied the prosperous citizen, brusquely; "a man should work for what he gets in this world, and not

expect to graft it from the people he sees on the street." The beggar seemed not at all embarrassed.

"Are you one of those fellows," he asked, "who believe it pauperizes a poor chap like me to accept a hand-out of money?"

"Yes, sirree, I do, most decidedly," quoth the citizen, making ready to pass on. A lively gleam in the panhandler's eye held him where he was.

"You'll excuse me, Boss," continued the beggar, "but ain't your name Grabbitt; and ain't you the man who cleaned up a bunch of money in suburban real-estate a while back?"

"You've got me," said the other, surprised, "but why? What's the game now?"

"Oh, nothing; only how did you get that there money, if you don't mind telling?"

"How?" laughed the prosperous citizen, good humoredly. "Why, by buying a lot of land and holding it until the population came out that way and made it valuable. Then I sold it."

"Did n't use the land? Just let it stay there?"



### THE POLITE SPIRIT.

PARSON JOHN.—Would n't you like a seat among the elect in heaven, Samuel?

SINNER SAM.—Why, suttinly, parson. But I'd no sooner git a seat dan I'd see some fat woman standin'. Den it would be me fo' a strap through all eternity!

"Yep; that's the idea; just let it stay there."

"Then you didn't work for that bunch of money, did you? Didn't render what they call in my case, for instance, any equivalent return to society?"

"No; but what are you getting at? I told you, you know, that——"

"You just sat still and let the people put the coin in your hand, so to speak. That's it, ain't it?"

"My dear man, I——really, I have n't any time to——"

"Oh, that's all right, Boss. I was just figuring out in my mind—it's kind of hazy, of course—if you were n't just as much a recipient of indiscriminate charity as I'd have been if I'd been able to get that quarter out of you. If accepting money pauperizes me, why doesn't it pauperize you? That's all I was driving at, Boss."

"Here," said the real-estate speculator, slipping his hand into his pocket and drawing out a half, "have a little unearned increment."

### A VALID CLAIM.

"I DON'T see what claim you have for this accident insurance," said the agent. "You were thrown out of a wagon, I admit, but, on your own statement, you were not hurt."

"Well, wasn't it by the merest accident I escaped injury?" suggested the claimant.

A POLITICIAN must be very careful how he expresses himself if he ever expects to get there.



WHY HE MISSED ABOUT TEN THOUSAND HOMES.

SANTA.—Let's see, little one; haven't I met you before somewhere?

NOT TOO GOOD.



VINCENT HORATIO STUBBS was the name of the best little boy in Swadlington Centre. Vincent Horatio was the only child and the only joy of Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs.

Although his respected father was a farmer, Vincent Horatio never delighted in chasing or maltreating the animals. For him the vivisection of flies had no charms. Writing upon the walls he looked upon as utterly unattractive, and he was often heard to remark that he did not like to break a window, for fear of hurting someone with the broken glass.

V. H. never came into the house without carefully wiping his shoes, and if ever he found himself in the slightest degree encumbered with dirt, he always went and removed the unsightly marks with amazing promptitude. If he wanted to play ball or shout he invariably sought the seclusion of the woods, where he could not annoy anyone.

Although only five years old, he was well up in his Sunday-school class, and was never known to be impudent or impertinent to anyone. In fact, Vincent Horatio was a model boy, and there were not wanting those who predicted he would one day be President. Unhappily, even model boys are not always exempted from the

toothache. That fell disease marked Vincent Horatio for its own. He suffered agonies, but bore them like an Early Christian martyr. His mother proposed a visit to the dentist; but, strange to say, for the first time in his life he combated one of his mother's suggestions. Still,

she persuaded him, and he went. The dentist knew by reputation what a good boy V. H. was, and he did not hesitate to explore the sufferer's mouth with sympathizing digit. Just then a fierce pang shook Vincent Horatio's being. His teeth closed with a spring, and the poor dentist's finger was bitten to the bone.



ALMOST AN INSULT.

"Say, mister, jes' ter settle a bet, will yer try an' see if yer can hit that drum in the middle?"

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We instructed our contributor to write a good Sunday-school story. He started well, but seems to have wandered slightly at the finish. It is strange that whenever any of our writers try to be moral and instructive their efforts cannot be sufficiently long sustained.

PREACHING VS. PRACTICE.

"WELL, well, well! I declare to goodness, John, did you ever hear of such a thing? Goodness gracious me! Law sakes, what's the country comin' to, anyhow? I would n't have believed such a thing could happen. It's pretty goings-on they have now! Mercy on us, where will this thing end?"

Then she takes the paper, steals off to a quiet spot, and reads the scandal from beginning to end with great glee.

THE young idea may sometimes be taught to shoot by putting it through a course of sprouts.

*The Society man, like the turtle, is no sooner out of the swim than he finds himself in the soup.*



THAT ROCKING-CHAIR.

**W**HEN, by whom, and to what end invented,  
I cannot tell. But truly I me think  
That, on the general principle that great  
Misfortunes ever come in pairs, the birth  
Of the rocking-chair must have been coeval  
With that of the protective tariff, and  
That both offspring from one chaotic mind:  
For, in sooth, I deem it most unlikely  
That two such vast illimitable chumps  
Can e'er have trod the glimpses of the moon.  
Oh, rocking-chair accursed! In what intense  
Unutterable execration, and yet  
What awe withal, do I contemplate thee!  
Ruthless, base destroyer, how incessant,  
How unequal, has been the war thou'st waged  
'Gainst me since erst, in childhood's heedless day,  
I overtripped thy feelers far outstretched  
And fell, kerwhango, down upon my head,  
Raising a scar that time can ne'er efface!  
And now, at midnight's dark, unholy hour,  
When Nature makes a pause, an awful pause,  
I sit here on the oilcloth cold and hard,  
Nursing my shin, wherefrom the hide is peeled  
From contact with thy puissant self, as from  
My downy bed I swiftly bounded up  
To get the baby's milk. Oh, rocking-chair—  
!—!!—!!!—!!!!— But no, I must not swear.

E. V.

AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

**I** CANNOT do less than rise, though I'm taken by surprise: I supposed that I was out of sight and reach over here behind the table; but I find I am unable to escape the usual summons for a speech.

Last week, down on the ferry, I met Mr. Secretary, and he casually inquired if I could preach. I said No, but I could practise; then he said: "The solemn fact is, at our banquet you'll be called on for a speech!" I protested, on the spot, that I'd rather far be shot, that 't would make me blush as scarlet as a peach; that my tongue would catch and stutter, and my legs grow weak and totter, if I tried to stand up here and make a speech.

"Well," said he, "then write a poem that is so compact and so imaginative,—write a madrigal on pork; write a bread-and-butter ballad; write a sonnet upon salad; write of Mary's little lamb-chops on a fork! Write a homily on hash; write a song on succotash; write a parody on pickles in a can! Write a pæan on potatoes; write a treatise on tomatoes; write an epic on an epicurean. Write an idyl to frogs' legs; write a chant to scrambled eggs; write a soul-inspiring anthem to

a ham! Write a pastoral to baked beans, or to cabbages or greens; write a delicate cantata to a clam."

"Thanks," said I; "I really should like to do it if I could; I would gladly sing the praises of the bean; I would write a lobster lyric or a frying panegyric, or an olio on oleomargarine. But, dear me! I haven't time for a couplet or a rime in this fragrant apotheosis of meat. I'm afraid of pots and kettles, and I do not care for victuals; and any time I'd rather work than eat. But," said I, "I'll do my duty: I will join the ranks of beauty, with a dainty bib and tucker upon each, and I'll be a pretty waiter, and industriously cater to the chaps who are obliged to make a speech."

So he said he could n't refuse me; if too busy, he'd excuse me; and I thanked him that my jaded muse he spared. That was only Friday morning. Now the president, without warning, calls upon me when I'm wholly unprepared.

I am sorry; but, between us, by the shade of old Silenus, by the spooks of all the cooks that've passed away—By the ghost of this dead chicken, whose backbone I have been pickin'—I can't think of a single word to say.



HIS IDEA OF FUN.

**TOMMY CITTIPLATT.**—Mamma, can I go on the roof?  
**MRS. CITTIPLATT.**—Why, it's snowing! You'll get your death of cold.

**TOMMY CITTIPLATT.**—Oh, no, I won't, mamma! Can't I go?

**MRS. CITTIPLATT.**—Well, you must put on your woolen jacket and your overshoes and your rubber coat—

**TOMMY CITTIPLATT.**—Yes'm.

**MRS. CITTIPLATT.**—And your fur cap and mittens, remember.

**TOMMY CITTIPLATT.**—Yes, all right.

**MRS. CITTIPLATT.**—And promise me not to go near the edge of the roof.

**TOMMY CITTIPLATT.**—I won't.

**MRS. CITTIPLATT.**—Nor on the side—the people next door don't like it.

**TOMMY CITTIPLATT.**—Yes'm.

**MRS. CITTIPLATT.**—And what are you going to do on the roof?

**TOMMY CITTIPLATT.**—Oh, have some fun.

**MRS. CITTIPLATT.**—What sort of fun?

**TOMMY CITTIPLATT.**—Peggin' snowballs down the air-shaft.



SURE THING.

**REAL-ESTATE AGENT (showing farm property).**—Now, this place could be improved at a very small outlay.

**JONES.**—Oh, that's right enough! A gallon of oil and a match would do it!



FANCY AND FACT.

Manufacturers of automobiles say they are fine things for the woman of the house when she does her daily marketing. (See small picture.) The larger picture shows the real facts. The woman of the house arrives on foot just in time to see the tradesman taking his family for a spin.



BALLADE TRIUMPHANT.



HE papers speak of awful things  
They do in Russia far away,  
Of massacres and murderings,  
"Pogroms" that shriek 'most every day;  
It makes me sad to think that they  
Should thus abuse the Hebrew meek—  
I'd weep were I not far too gay:  
We've got a cook who's stayed a week!

Cruel Fortune holds a thousand slings Which she is prompt to bring in play, No line she draws 'twixt boors and kings, In fact, prefers the boors, they say; To Orkus each his debt must pay. The Stygian realms must trembling seek— I'd weep were I not far too gay: We've got a cook who's stayed a week!	One parting song the robin sings, The minstrel gives his final lay, And love itself at last his wings Doth spread and leave our heaven gray; The bravest ship that sails the bay Holds somewhere, sure, a hidden leak— I'd weep were I not far too gay: We've got a cook who's stayed a week!
--	--

L'ENVOI.

I cannot dwell on sorrow, nay!  
Nor let a tear defile my cheek—  
At present I am far too gay:  
We've got a cook who's stayed a week!

William Wallace Whitelock.

IT'S ALL IN THE VIEWPOINT.

Two women, strangers to each other, got in the same trolley-car, and looked each other over.  
When Mrs. A. got home that evening she said: "I saw an awful fright of a woman in the car this afternoon. She was dressed like a perfect freak."

Thereupon Mrs. A. described Mrs. B.

When Mrs. B. reached her domicile at the end of a shopping tour she remarked: "Saw an awfully funny-looking woman when I was going downtown this afternoon. She was dressed like a perfect freak."

Whereupon Mrs. B. minutely described Mrs. A.

Moral: I am a freak; thou art a freak; he, she, or it is a freak. We are freaks, you are freaks, they are freaks.

THE man who is ashamed of his grandfather's business has no business to have had a grandfather.

SALT-WATER BATHING AT HOME.

It is unnecessary to go to the ocean, and to stand for two hours on a line in front of a bathing-house, in order to enjoy a briny bath.

You may have the ocean, a miniature ocean complete in all essentials, right in the privacy of your own home.

First, draw a tub three-quarters full of water from the cold-water faucet. Then take a bag of sea-salt—from any drug-store—and put a liberal portion of it into the water. Stir it till it dissolves.

This is done by many people, and it is nothing new, but something is lacking. You have not yet got all the ingredients of a bath in the surf. One item is missing: the floating garbage.

Go into your kitchen, and come back with a covered can of leavings of melon rinds, potato parings, pea-pods, and such things, and throw these into the tub of salt water.

Now your "ocean" is complete and perfect in all details. Remove your raiment, plunge in, and may you have an enjoyable dip.

To make your "ocean" still more realistic, throw in with the salt and garbage a few bottles, some corks, a handful of straw, and a shoe-box.

JUST AS A REMINDER.

FAMILIAR COMMENTS CONFIRMING THAT "WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME."

"Is this you, dearie? This is George. I just called you up to say that I won't be home to-night till late. I'm going out to dinner with some business acquaintances."

"Why, of course I'll take you to the theatre. Don't I? Did n't I take you—let's see—three weeks ago? We'll take in a show next week, perhaps, if there's anything good in town."

"Of course it's tough on you to have to wash dishes and get meals when we have n't any girl, but that's woman's work, is n't it? I do my work in the office."

"I know that you've been in the house all day, and that you need a change, but really I'm awfully tired, and don't feel a bit like going out to-night. Can't you make things a little pleasanter for me here at home?"

"I wish you would n't bother me with those petty household affairs. I come home to rest after a hard day's work—not to be pestered with a lot of dinky little matters that don't interest me. I don't ask you to decide my business problems for me, do I?"

"Well, it's about time you came in. Here I hustled home a little earlier than usual to have a chat with you, and I find the place shut up and you out gadding somewhere. I wish you'd try to be home when I get here. It is n't asking too much of you, I'm sure."

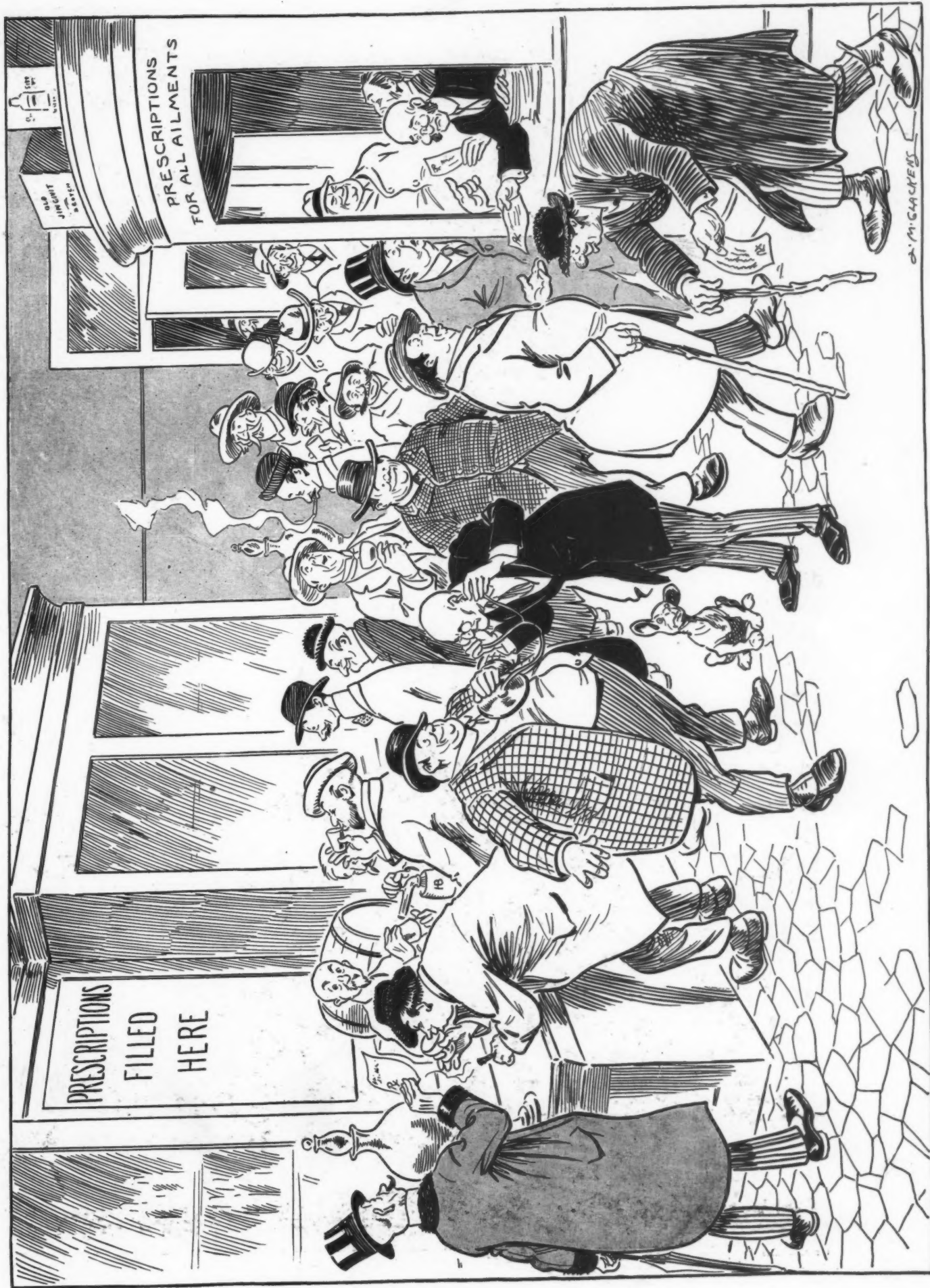


A PERFECT CINCH.

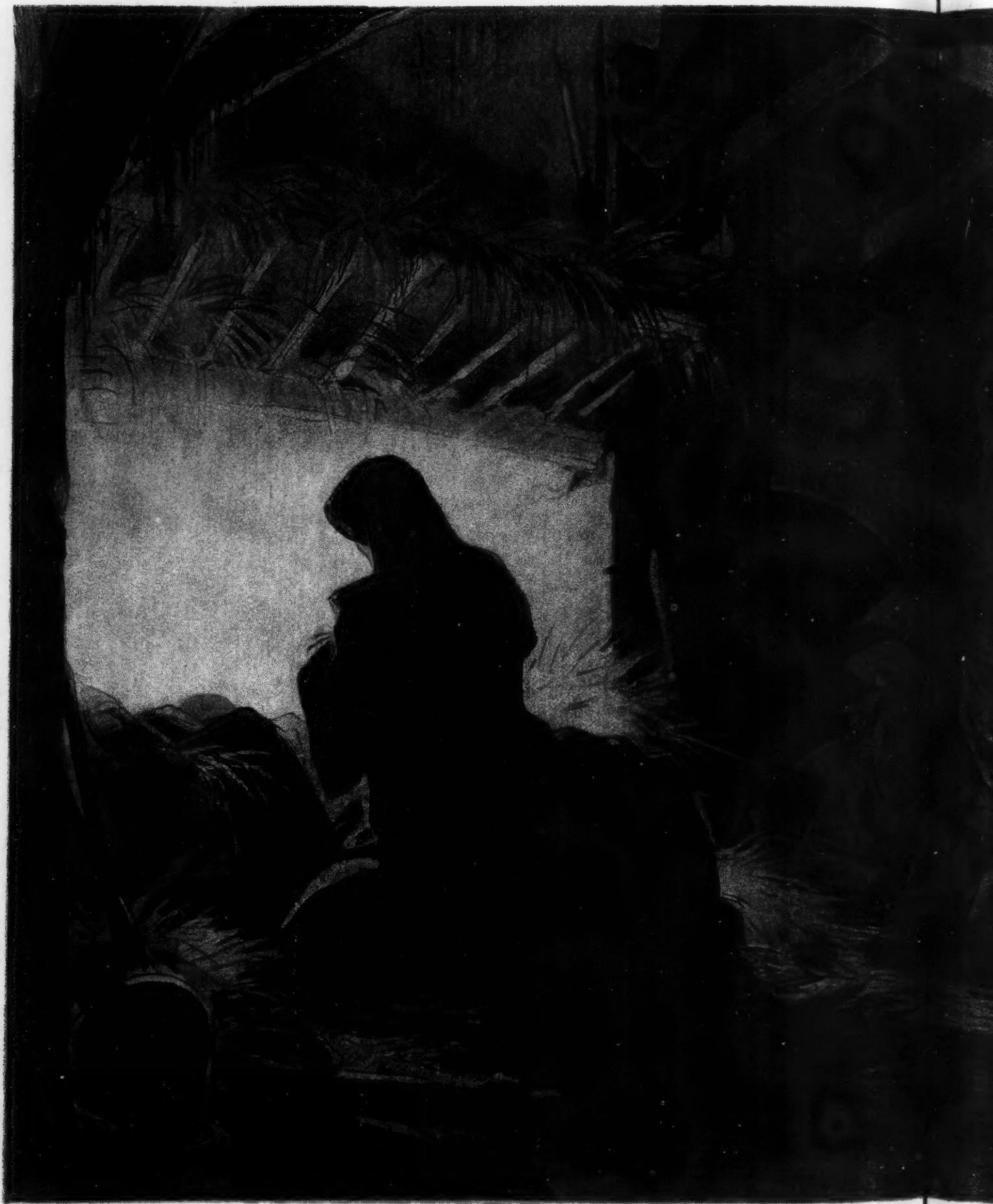
FUTURE PLAIN-CLOTHES DETECTIVE.—You are my prisoner, so come along with me.

The finger of destiny and the hand of fate are one and inseparable in the affairs of men.





BAR-ROOM DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO "TAKE IT FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES ONLY."



THE PUCK PRESS.

THE SLUMMING PARTY AT



PUCK



G PARTY AT BETHLEHEM.

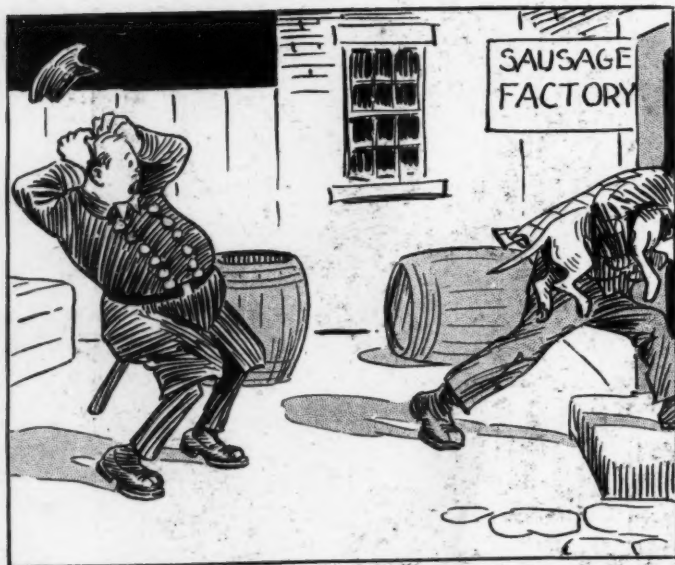
# THE DOG IS ALWAYS TO BLAME.



I.  
"Well, well! If he ain't swipin' me dog, I'm a goat!"



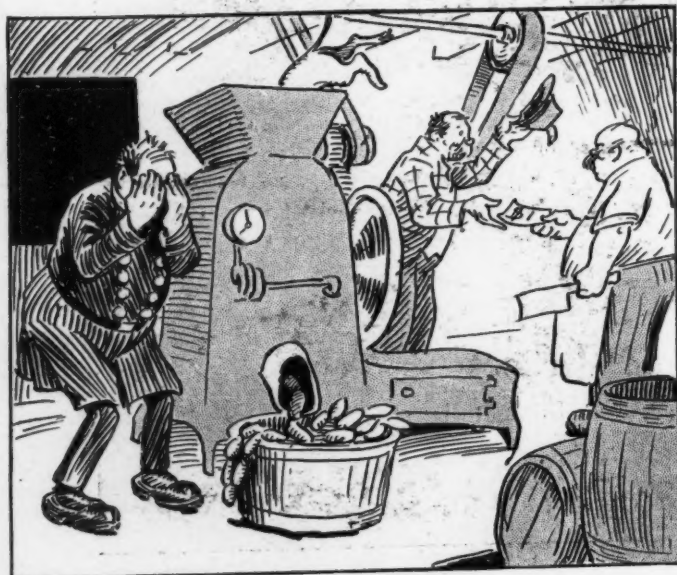
II.  
"I'll follow along just to see what he does with him."



III.  
"Great heavens! Me poor little pal! The villain!"



IV.  
"To the rescue! Scoundrels, unhand him!"



V.  
"Too late! Oh, that me faithful companion should ever come to this!"



VI.  
"Say, you! Why do you let me fall asleep an' have them terrible nightmares?"



## THE FURTHER THE WORSE.

BEING THE PATHETIC STORY OF THE VICTIM OF A SMOKING-CAR.



HE trouble with us, my dear," said C. Augustus Periwinkle to his wife, "the trouble with us is that we spend more than we get. We rob Peter to pay Paul; the part of Pete being taken by the grocer, and that of Paul being taken by the butcher. The fact of the matter is that living in the city, as we have been doing, has become too costly a proposition to folks in our circumstances, and we have now the choice of two alternatives. We can move to a less expensive part of the town and live less expensively, or we can pack up, hire a freight-car or a motor-truck, and transplant ourselves to what the real-estate advertisements describe as the healthful suburbs."

This was the way it started. It ended in the leasing of a house in Somethinghurst, a truly delightful suburban community "only fifteen minutes out." C. Augustus Periwinkle took up the life of a commuter, and Mrs. C. Augustus took up the part of a commuter's wife.

For the first month everything was highly satisfactory, so far as the Finance Department was concerned. Somethinghurst was not a fashion-plate suburb, full of millionaires in the making. It was actually cheaper to live there than it was in the city, and the Periwinkles patted themselves on the back.

"Did n't I tell you?" said C. Augustus. "Did n't I tell you that it would be so?"

And then a change took place. A gradual change, very gradual indeed, but still a change. Making both ends meet was not so easy of accomplishment as it had been at first. Mr. Periwinkle grew shorter and shorter in the change-pocket, and Mrs. Periwinkle grew shorter and shorter in her stock of patience. Where did the money go?

"The trouble is this, I believe," ventured C. Augustus one evening: "We don't live far enough out in the country. Like all city folks who move to the suburbs, we made the mistake of keeping as near the city as we could. We were afraid to cross the Rubicon and get right out and away from the influences and prices of the city."

So they moved again, did the Periwinkles; this time to Something Manor, which was thirty miles out on the railroad, or just twice as far as Somethinghurst. Commutation rates were low, and Mr. Periwinkle did n't mind his two trips a day in the least. In fact, Mrs. Periwinkle thought it quite remarkable that he should adapt himself so readily to the commuter's environment.

But even in Something Manor things after a while went wrong. The rent there was low, very low, indeed, compared with the places nearer the city, and market-gardeners could be found who actually sold things to eat at less than city prices. But nevertheless—nevertheless—

"Where does the money go to?" asked Mrs. Periwinkle for the hundredth time.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mr. Periwinkle. "I guess the cost of living is high all over. It's fierce!"

Well, the upshot of it all was that they finally moved again, this time to North Something—a village of the old school to which the genus suburbanite had not yet penetrated in anything like large numbers. North Something was quaint and countryfied, and it was forty-three miles from the city on a branch line. It took Mr. Periwinkle nearly two hours some mornings to get to his office. But the villain of expense still pursued them, even in North Something, where things were cheap.

And now shall we tell you why? Shall we confide to you the innermost secret of it all? Ah, it is a sad story! Mr. Periwinkle, from his first month in Somethinghurst, had been a victim of—Drink? No. Of the smoking-car, that dingy club-house of commuters.

At first he got into a friendly game—a friendly game with hardened card-players from years of commuting. And he lost. And he continued to lose, but as Somethinghurst, his first home site, was but fifteen miles out, he could not lose much on one trip. He lost more, of course—twice as much—when he moved to Something Manor, which was thirty miles out, and it got to be quite a joke in the smoking-car.

"Let's stick Periwinkle," became a byword of mirth. And Periwinkle was stuck. The further out he moved, the longer it took the train to get in, and the more time there was for cards in the smoker. Rent and other trifles went down, but poker and bridge charges went up. North Something was the limit. Cards had now a terrible hold on C. Augustus, and if he moved any further out it would be the breaking of him, he knew. If anybody had offered him a house rent-free he could n't have afforded to take it.

Now the Periwinkles are back in a city flat. C. Augustus confessed. He made a clean breast of it. He told Mrs. P. of those daily games in the blue haze of the smoker. He concealed nothing. He reckoned up roughly the amount of his weekly losings, mere trifles not worth speaking of, yet in the aggregate they came to much more than a trifle. A whole lot more. Now he is back in the city.

And has C. Augustus Periwinkle given up card playing? Oh, no. The smoking-car did its deadly work too well. C. Augustus does n't play during his daily trips in the trolley, but there are "sessions" at his flat that last sometimes till three o'clock in the morning. And he still loses. There are such unfortunates everywhere. There is nothing more mirthful than the cry: "Let's stick Periwinkle!" The crowd has changed, but the cry remains. He has tried to stop playing, but he can't. He is a pitiful victim of the smoking-car.

"Oh, you flatterer!" is merely a delicate periphrasis for "Please say it some more."

THE fellow who beats his way reaps little sympathy when the time comes to turn up his toes.



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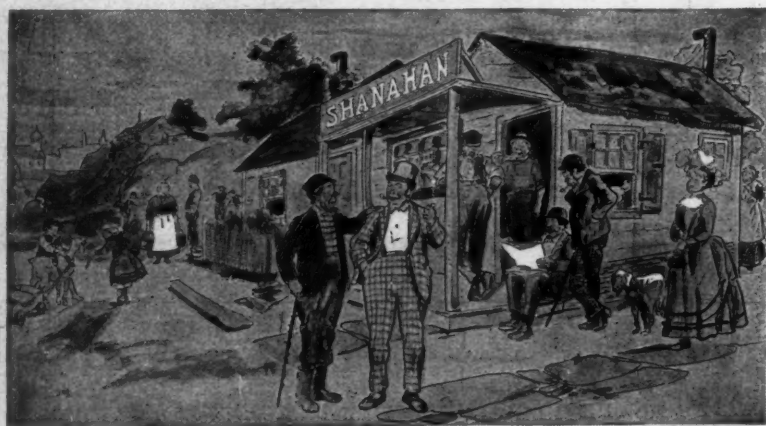
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TWO WOMEN were talking over the 'phone, says the New York *Evening Post*, which ought to know better. "You are surely coming this afternoon, my dear, aren't you?" said one, who lived a little way out of town and owned no automobile, to her friend who lived in town and did own a car. And do bring your violin, for I want mother to hear you play. And, oh, by the way, will you bring me a lettuce and a quart of peaches from somewhere? Is that too much to ask? You might bring me a cake from the bakery, too, if you have room, and a dozen rolls. You see, there's no delivery today, and I can't get to town. I'll see you this afternoon, and don't forget your violin, dear!"

A MASSACHUSETTS minister was making his first visit to Kentucky several years ago. He had to spend the night in a small mountain town where feuds and moonshine stills abounded. Engaging in conversation with one of the natives, he said: "My friend, this is a very bibulous State, I hear." "Lord!" replied the man, "there hain't twenty-five Bibles in all Kentucky."—*Argonaut*.



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## WISHES.

They had broken a wishbone together. "What was it you wished?" laughed she. "I wished that you'd let me kiss you! Now tell me your wish," said he. Her eyes fell—she paused a moment, While her blushes deeper grew. "My wish was," she prettily stammered, "That what you wished would come true." —*Rehoboth Herald*.

"Do you believe in the theory that doctors have a right to kill where they cannot cure?"

"Haven't they always been doing it?" —*Boston Transcript*.

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"That bunch of geologists that were visiting here yesterday—how did they like the village?"

"They had their hammers out all the time they were here." —*St. Louis Republic*.

## ANOTHER BATHING FATALITY.



THE LANDLADY (at the bathroom door, to lodger within).—Oh, Mr. Green, I forgot to tell you: The bath has just been painted, and won't be dry for two or three days. —*The Sketch*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## THE LAST STRAW.

There is a trusty of a penitentiary in Nevada who says his name is Woodrow Wilson. He is a mechanic and drives the warden's machine, according to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Recently the warden, who is ex-Governor Dickerson, Governor Oddie, and William Maxwell, a former warden, drove over into California on an official trip. They lost their number-plate and were arrested for driving in California without a license. Governor Oddie explained to the arresting officer that he was the governor and that his companions were ex-Governor Dickerson and Mr. Maxwell. The officer was satisfied.

As the trusty was cranking up, the officer asked him: "What's your name?" "Woodrow Wilson."

"Here!" shouted the officer. "You guys come along to the judge. You can't put this stuff over on me any longer." And he took them in.

MR. AND MRS. FLATTY were having quite a brisk little quarrel. "You have no regard for my feelings," asserted Mr. Flatty. "You treat me worse than you do your dog!"

"How can you say such a thing?" demanded Mrs. Flatty. "I do nothing of the kind. I never make the slightest difference between you!" —*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



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#### WISHES.

I'd rather be a Could Be  
 If I could not be an Are;  
 For a Could Be is a May Be,  
 With a chance of touching par.  
 I'd rather be a Has Been  
 Than a Might Have Been, by far;  
 For a Might Have Been has never been,  
 But a Has was once an Are.  
 —Cuban Times.

#### THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.



THE WOMAN.—What is the name of that handsome actor  
 who plays the lover?  
 THE MAN.—Huh! You ought to see him off the stage  
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 makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail,  
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#### STAR BRANDS.

The late Crosby Noyes, editor of the *Washington Star*, did not smoke, but  
 his sons did. One day Frank Noyes, President of the Associated Press, visited  
 his father. The elder Noyes took two boxes of cigars out of his desk and  
 offered the son a choice.

"No, thank you, father," said the son. "I'll smoke one of my own."  
 "What's the matter with these cigars?" asked the father. Frank looked  
 at the boxes with a grimace. They were alfalfas.  
 "I'll smoke one of my own," he said again. The father rang the bell for  
 his office-boy.  
 "Jimmie," he said, "what sort of cigars did you buy when I sent you out  
 for them? Mr. Frank won't smoke them."  
 "Why," answered Jimmie, "I picked out the only two kinds that advertise  
 in the *Star*!" —*Saturday Evening Post*.

"WHAT are the duties of the office to which you desire appointment?"  
 asked the official.  
 "I haven't inquired into the duties," replied the applicant. "But," he  
 added rather reproachfully, "it was held by a Republican for years. And  
 you oughtn't to have any doubt that what one of these Republicans can  
 get by with a Democrat will be able to do with ease." —*Washington Star*.

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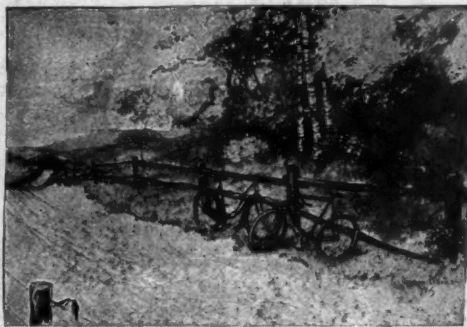
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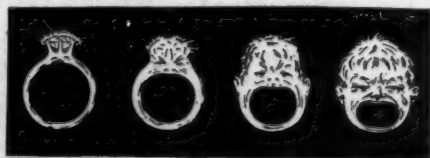
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Finds much beneath the ban.  
He stands it, for he thinks next year  
To haze the other man.

The lodge initiate must prance  
To please a pesky clan.  
And he submits, to get a chance  
To haze the other man.

And such, we know, has been life's scope  
Since first the world began.  
We stand for much, because we hope  
To haze the other man.

—Courier-Journal.

### FALSE ALARM.

"What's this?" asked the dictator,  
nervously, as the courier handed him a document.

"An ultimatum."

"Another ultimatum? Then it's all right. I thought maybe they were trying to start something."—Wash. Star.

### IMAGINATION.

"Now," said the stage-manager, "you are the heroine. You are supposed to suffer more than anybody else in the play. You must put yourself into a frame of mind which represents grief and remorse."

"I know," replied the leading woman. "I'll try to make myself believe I'm one of the people who paid two dollars to see the play."—The Globe.

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## DEEP BREATHING

By D. O. Harrell, M.D.

I BELIEVE we must all admit that deep breathing is a very desirable practice. Furthermore, we know it to be a fact that not one person in twenty, or perhaps one person in a hundred, really breathes deeply. Every physician can verify the statement that we are daily called upon to prescribe drugs for ailments that owe their cause directly to insufficient and improper breathing—Oxygen Starvation.

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. Every muscle, nerve cell, in fact every fibre of our body, is directly dependent upon the air we breathe. Health, Strength and Endurance are impossible without well-oxygenated blood. The food we eat must combine with abundant oxygen before it can become of any value to the body. Breathing is to the body what free draught is to the steam boiler. Shut off the draught, and you will kill your fire, no matter how excellent coal you use. Similarly, if you breathe shallowly, you must become anæmic, weak and thin, no matter how carefully you may select your diet.

I might continue indefinitely to cite examples of the great physiological value of deep breathing. For instance, it is a well-known fact that worry, fear, and intense mental concentration practically paralyze the breathing muscles. This depressing condition can be entirely overcome through conscious deep breathing.

The main benefit of physical exercise lies in the activity it gives the lungs. What we term "lack of healthful exercise" in reality means insufficient lung action. Exercise that does not compel vigorous deep breathing is of little real value. Unfortunately, few persons have the strength and endurance to exercise violently enough to stir the lungs into rapid action. This is especially true of women and also of men who have permitted their muscles to become weak. Common sense, therefore, dictates that the lungs should be exercised independently through deep breathing gymnastics.

—Pick.

Unfortunately, few persons have the slightest conception of what is really meant by deep breathing. In fact, few physicians thoroughly understand the act. Ask a dozen different physical instructors to define deep breathing, and you will receive a dozen different answers. One tells you it means the full expansion of the chest, another tells you it means abdominal breathing, the third declares it means diaphragmatic breathing, and so on.

Recently there has been brought to my notice a brochure on this important subject of respiration, that to my knowledge for the first time really treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific and practical manner. I refer to the booklet entitled "Deep Breathing," by Paul von Boeckmann, R.S. In this treatise, the author describes proper breathing, so that even the most uninformed layman can get a correct idea of the act. The booklet contains a mass of common sense teachings on the subject of Deep Breathing, and "Internal Exercise." The author has had the courage to think for himself, and to expose the weaknesses in our modern systems of physical culture.

I believe this booklet gives us the real key to constitutional strength. It shows us plainly the danger of excessive exercise, that is, the danger of developing the external body at the expense of the internal body. The author's arguments are so logical it is self-evident that his theories must be based upon vast experience. Personally, I know that his teachings are most profoundly scientific and thoroughly practical, for I have had occasion to see them tested with a number of my patients.

The booklet to which I refer can be obtained upon payment of ten cents in coin or stamps by addressing Dr. von Boeckmann directly at 2610 Tower Bldg., 110 W. 40th St., New York. The simple exercises he describes therein are in themselves well worth ten times the small price demanded.

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